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SOME REMINISCENCES OF MRS. D. M. CRAIK.

"Say of me only that I am sixty years old, and have been writing novels for forty years," wrote Mrs. Craik a year ago, when there was a question of preparing some sketch of her literary life. This restriction she afterward removed; and indeed it would be a loss, now that she is gone, if some record of her strong and sweet character and dignified yet kindly presence were not made by those who knew her and were counted among her friends.

I first saw Mrs. Craik one sunshine-and-shower autumn day seven years ago, when I had been asked to her house, and on the way there from the station passed a group of young girls, among whom a stately gray-haired woman attracted my attention. The group were waiting under a tree by the roadside for a slight shower to be over, and presently, when I had reached the house and the sky had cleared, I found on her arrival that my hostess was the same lady who had so attracted me as I passed by. The people with her were a group of shop-girls from "Waterloo House," London, where she was accustomed to make her purchases. It was her pleasant habit once a year or oftener to make a garden party on a Saturday half-holiday for a number of these young people. She was assisted in this kindly task by her husband's sister, Miss Georgiana M. Craik, also known as a writer and as a collaborator with Mrs. Craik in some of her children's stories, and it was a pleasant sight to see these two ladies so cordially and hospitably receiving their happy guests. It made an agreeable introduction to a delightful friendship, and was a revelation of the real woman who was behind the writer of her books.

There never was a more charming hostess than Mrs. Craik in her own home. She was tall and stately in carriage, with a winning smile and a frank and quiet manner which gave one the best kind of welcome; and her silver gray hair crowned the comfortable age of a woman who had used her years, one could see and feel, always to the best purposes. Somehow it always seemed to me as though here was the Dinah of "Adam Bede," who had gone on living and developing after the novel stopped. When once I said this to her, she told me that one or two others had said the same of her, and that indeed she had come from a part of the country not far from Dinah Morris's home, where Dinah was a usual name. She was born in Staffordshire, at Stoke-on-Trent, in 1826, the daughter of a clergyman, who died when she was quite young, and was soon after followed by his widow. At her death the small annuity on which the family had depended ceased, and the young girl, Dinah Maria Mulock, was left to take care of two brothers, whom she educated with the earnings from her pen. These are details which I never heard from her, but give on the authority of printed statements, though what I have heard her say as to her early life is in line with them. She had a strong sense of being born a gentlewoman, and felt, as I remember she said once, that no matter what reverses or what adversity might come to her, that feeling would always give her stay and standard. It was this spirit of her own life which she afterward wrote into "John Halifax, Gentleman."

The first work she did was in the line of short stories, and she was happy in at once finding an appreciative publisher. Her first published book was one for children, "How to Win Love; or, Rhoda's Lesson." Her first novel, "The Ogilvies," was issued in 1849, and gave her a very fair start in the literary life. It was not, however, till 1857 that the story by whose title she was afterward so widely known, and which marked the climax of her fame, her fifth novel, was published. It is an interesting feature of her novels that they were all built upon some principle or thought of wholesome bearing which she desired to illustrate, and "John Halifax, Gentleman," was intended to set forth that feeling of gentlehood under all circumstances which had been so strong a part of her own life. This she once told me in so many words. Afterward she had sought to collect material which should illustrate this thought, and thus in searching through the chronicles of the time which she had chosen she came upon the incident of the riot, which makes so strong a point in the book, and so lives in the memory of most of her readers. Such books as "A Life for a Life," "A Brave Lady," "My Mother and I," and "King Arthur" illustrate very fully how she carried out in her novels this idea of a central purpose from which incidents and characters develop.

MRS. D. M. CRAIK.

She was a prolific writer, being the author of nineteen novels, eleven books for children, and as many books of travel and miscellaneous works, and three volumes of poems, in all over forty volumes. Last year her husband, with her co-operation, made a careful list of her books, which she sent me in one of her letters, and which I give below, adding one or two which have since appeared.

Novels.—The Ogilvies, 1849; Olive, 1850; The Head of the Family, 1851; Agatha's Husband, 1853; John Halifax, Gentleman, 1857; A Life for a Life, 1859; Mistress and Maid, 1863; Christian's Mistake, 1865; A Noble Life, 1866; Two Marriages, 1867; The Woman's Kingdom, 1869; A Brave Lady, 1870; Hannah, 1871; My Mother and I, 1874; The Laurel Bush, 1876; Young Mrs. Jardine, 1879; His Little Mother, 1881; Miss Tommy, 1884; King Arthur, 1886.

Miscellaneous Works.—

Avillion and other Tales, 1853; Nothing New, 1857; A Woman's Thoughts about Woman, 1858; Studies from Life, 1861; The Unkind Word and other Stories, 1870; Fair France, 1872; Sermons out of Church, 1875: A Legacy, being the Life and Remains of John Martin, Schoolmaster and Postman, 1878; Plain Speaking, 1882; An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall, 1884; About Money and other Things, 1886; An Unknown Country, 1887.

Poetry.—Poems, 1859, expanded into Thirty Years' Poems, New and Old, 1881, and Children's Poetry, 1881; Songs of Our Youth, 1875.

Children's Books.—Alice Learmont, a Fairy Tale, 1852; How to Win Love, or Rhoda's Lesson, 1848; Cola Monti, 1849; A Hero, 1853; Bread Upon the Waters, 1852; The Little Lychetts, 1855: Michael the Miner, 1846; Our Year, 1862; Little Sunshine's Holiday, 1875, Adventures of a Brownie, 1872; The Little Lame Prince, 1874.

She also prepared "The Fairy Book" and "Is it True?" two volumes of old fairy tales rendered anew, translated Mme. Guizot De Witt's "A French Country Family," "Motherless," and "An Only Sister," and edited the series of books for girls.

On the title-page of most of her books she was known as "the author of John Halifax, Gentleman," which was usually supposed to be the result of a prejudice against the use of her own name in literature. It was, however, quite an accident, coming from the desire of her publisher, soon after "John Halifax, Gentleman," had made so great a success, to utilize that success in selling her later books, and once she adopted the habit she adhered to it. Her novels, and perhaps her other writings, have a wider circle of readers in America than England, although in both countries the manfulness and sweetness of her books have given her thousands of devoted readers. She took much interest in travel, and especially in the Irish journey of 1886, which is the subject of a book yet to be published, with illustrations from her young friend Mr. Noel Paton. Her relations with her juniors, as in this instance, were very sweet and motherly, and this friendly feeling for others comes out strongly in her poems, which have a sweetly touching sympathy always in them. The most interesting of all, perhaps, is that poem which is put first in the collected edition, "Philip my King," in which "the large brown eyes" were those of the little child who was afterward to be the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston. All her work showed a combination of manly strength and feminine tenderness which made it as acceptable to men as to women.

In 1864 her literary work received the appreciation of a pension from the Civil List, and the next year her personal life was crowned by her marriage to Mr. George Lillie Craik, the son, I think, of the Scotch writer of that name, and a relative of the author of "Craik's English Literature." Mr. Craik himself is now a partner in the publishing house of Macmillan & Co., and is well known in the literary world of London. He was somewhat younger than his wife, but the marriage was a most happy one, as she once had occasion to say to another lady who came to her in regard to a marriage under similar conditions. The home which Mr. and Mrs. Craik built for themselves was one of the most charming about London, across "the lovely Kentish meadows," to the south-east, at Shortlands, Kent. It stood in the pleasant English country, with a delightful garden stretching out from it, and outside the house toward the garden was a little recess called "Dorothy's Parlor," where Mrs. Craik was very fond of taking her work or her writing on a summer's day. It was named for the little daughter whom they had adopted years ago, having no children of their own, and who was the sunshine of the house up to the time of her foster-mother's death. Within the recess was the Latin motto, "*Deus haec otia fecit*" (God made this rest), which Mrs. Craik once told me she had long ago selected as the motto which she would wish to build into a home of her own, should it ever be given to her to make one. Within the house there was one charming room which served for library, music-room, and parlor, filled with books and choice pictures, but chiefly beautiful because of the presence of its mistress, as she brought her work-basket out for a quiet talk with a friend. Over the mantel of the pleasant dining-room was the motto, "East or West, Hame is best," which pleasantly gave the spirit in which Mrs. Craik lived in her home, for she used to say in later years that home-keeping was more to her than story-writing, and she often got only an hour or so a week for her pen.

Besides this work with her pen Mrs. Craik was known in many quarters for the practical interest which she took in all good works. In 1886 she distributed the prizes at the Working Girls' College in London, and in many such enterprises she had a keen and loving interest. Most especially did her heart go out toward an institution in her own neighborhood, the Royal Normal College for the Blind, at Upper Norwood, of Mr. Campbell, of whose life she once wrote a most interesting sketch. The pluck and bravery of this blind man, who had worked out into success a great plan for the betterment of the condition of his fellow-sufferers, and who climbed Mont Blanc to show that a blind man could do some things as well as others, appealed strongly to her. To a great circle of readers all over the English-speaking world the news of her death will come with a sense of personal loss for the woman shown through her books; but what shall be said of the sorrow of those who had come to know her and love her as a personal friend?—*R. R. Bowker, in Harper's Bazar.*

MR. MOODY ON SABBATH SCHOOL WORK.

Speaking at Montreal on the text "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever" Mr. Moody said:—

"And you, Sabbath school teachers,—don't look on your work as a little thing! God don't see as man sees; he uses the little things. I once spoke to a lady teacher who absented herself from her school to attend one of my meetings, and told her God wouldn't use her. She tried to excuse herself by saying she had only five little boys and she thought it didn't matter much. Who could say but that among these five little boys was a future Luther, another Knox, a Bunyan, a John Wesley or a Whitefield, whose acts and words would rouse the nations? You never know what a boy filled with the Holy Ghost may become, what he may achieve in the world's salvation. I think it's the greatest of privileges to have the teaching of five little boys. I found some verses among my papers this morning on the influence of the Sunday-school. I will read them. They are headed

A WORD TO SUNDAY TEACHERS.

I wonder if he remembers—
That good old man in Heaven—
The class in the old red school-house
Known as the "Noisy Seven."

I wonder if he remembers
How restless we used to be,
Or thinks we forgot the lessons
Of Christ and Gethsemane.

I wish I could tell the story
As he used to tell it then;
I'm sure—that, with heaven's blessing
I could reach the hearts of men.

That voice, so touchingly tender,
Comes down to me through the years—
A pathos which seemed to mingle
His own with the Saviour's tears.

I often wish I could tell him—
Though we caused him so much pain
By our thoughtless boyish frolic—
His lessons were not in vain.

I'd like to tell him how Harry,
The merriest one of all,
From the bloody field of Shiloh
Went home at the Master's call.

I'd like to tell him how Stephen,
So brimming with mirth and fun,
Now tells the heathen of China
The tale of the Crucified One.

I'd like to tell him how Joseph,
And Philip and Jack and Jay,
Are honored among their churches,
The foremost men of their day.

I'd like, yes, I'd like to tell him,
What his lesson did for me,
And how I'm trying to follow
The Christ of Gethsemane.

Perhaps he knows it already,
For Harry has told, may be,
That we all are coming—coming
Through Christ of Gethsemane.

How many beside, I know not,
Will gather at last in heaven,
The fruit of that faithful sowing;
But the sheaves are surely seven.

THAT TEACHER who wins a warm place for himself in the affections of his class secures "right of way" for his instructions to the consciences of its members. To win that place one must convince them that he cares about them, is in sympathy with their best interests. Among other innocent and judicious methods of doing this is the writing of letters to such of them as may happen to go from home for a time on long visits to relatives, on distant journeys, or perchance to a boarding-school for a term or two.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 22.

JESUS AND THE AFFLICTED.—MATT. 15: 21-31.

COMMIT VERSES 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Is any among you afflicted? let him pray.—James 5: 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Faith, humble, earnest, persevering, grows stronger by obstacles, and obtains the blessing.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 15: 1-20.
T. Matt. 15: 21-31.
W. Mark 7: 24-37.
Th. Heb. 11: 1-13.
F. I Kings 17: 8-24.
Sa. Matt. 4: 23-25; 8: 5-18.
Su. Ps. 103: 1-22.

TIME.—Early summer, A.D. 29.

PLACE.—The first miracle was on the borders of Phœnicia, embracing the cities of Tyre and Sidon on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea; forty or fifty miles north-west of the Sea of Galilee. The other miracles were in Decapolis, on the South-east shore of the Sea of Galilee.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT.—Mark 7: 24-37.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Jesus failing to obtain retirement for his disciples in the desert of Bethsaida, where he fed the 5,000 soon after his return to Capernaum took his disciples in another direction out of the domains of Herod, and from the pressure of work. He first goes to the mountainous region on the borders of Tyre and Sidon.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

21. WENT THENCE: from Capernaum. COASTS: parts, region. 22. A WOMAN OF CANAAN: A Canaanite was an old name for the descendants of the old Canaanite races, as the Phœnicians were. Phœnicia was included in the old boundaries of Canaan. Mark calls her a Greek, *i. e.*, in religion and education, and a Syro-Phœnician by race. MY DAUGHTER IS GRIEVOUSLY VEXED WITH A DEVIL: the effects are described in another case (Matt. 17: 15, 16; Mark 9: 17, 18) where a boy is described as often falling into the fire, and often into the water, and whenever the spirit "taketh him, he teareth him, and he foameth and gnasheth with his teeth and pineth away." 23. HE ANSWERED NOT A WORD: to test her faith and to lead her to true views. Send her away: not without curing her, but give her what she wants, and dismiss her. 24. I AM NOT SENT BUT UNTO THE LOST SHEEP, etc.: Christ's personal ministry was to the Jews. He had only time to train a few thoroughly, so that they might be able to preach his salvation to all men. 25. WORSHIPPED HIM: bowing down at his feet. 26. CHILDREN'S BREAD ... CAST IT TO DOGS: the household or pet dogs. Jesus repeats a Jewish sentiment or proverb. The Jews called the heathen dogs. Jesus softens it into pet dogs. 27. THE DOGS EAT OF THE CRUMBS: she show show the seeming objection is in favor of her request. She only wants a little crumb of his mercy, which will take nothing from others. 28. GREAT IS THY FAITH: great in humility, earnestness, perseverance, trust. 29. CAME ... SEA OF GALILEE: going northward of Galilee, and down the Jordan on the other side, to Decapolis.

SUBJECT: THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE GREAT NEED (vs. 21-22).—Where did Jesus go from Capernaum? For what purpose? (Mark 6: 31; 7: 24; Matt. 14: 13.) Had he failed in getting the desired rest hitherto? (See the last two lessons.) Where are Tyre and Sidon? Who came to Jesus here? What is she called in Mark? (7: 26.) What did she call Jesus? How could she know about Jesus, and that he could help her? (Luke 6: 17.) What did she want of Jesus? Describe from another case how the daughter was grievously vexed. (Matt. 17: 15; Mark 9: 17, 18.) Have we equally great needs?

II. OBSTACLES TO BE OVERCOME (vs. 23-26).—How would her being a stranger and a heathen hinder her? How did Jesus at first treat her request? Why? What obstacles did the disciples put in her way? Are we ever hindered by our companions and friends from coming to Jesus. How would her statement about his mission hinder her? (v. 24.) What did Jesus mean by this? What did she do next? (v. 25; Mark 7: 25.) What did Jesus say when she entreated him thus again? (v. 26.) Who are meant by children? who by dogs? Was this Jesus' opinion, or only a representation of the common sentiments?

How many obstacles do you find in her way? Why were these placed there? (1 Pet. 1: 7.) Name some of the difficulties in our way.

III. THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH (vs. 27, 28).—How did the woman reply to Jesus? What was her argument? How did it show faith? humility? earnestness? What did Jesus say of her faith? In what respects was it great? Had it a good foundation in the nature of Jesus and what he had already done? How was her faith rewarded? What is faith? Did any one ever trust in Jesus in vain? What blessings come as the result of faith?

IV. THE FRUITS OF FAITH (vs. 29-31). Where did Jesus go from Tyre and Sidon? Who came to him there? What good did the well ones do to the sick? Was this a fruit of faith? What did Jesus do for the unfortunate ones? Did he also teach them? (Matt. 4: 23.) How did these things glorify God? Does Jesus help the sick and sinful and unfortunate now? What part can we take in helping them? Does the Gospel bless men's bodies as well as souls. Will all that have the spirit of Jesus seek to help the needy?

LESSON V.—JANUARY 29.

PETER CONFESSING CHRIST.—MATT. 16: 13-28.

COMMIT VERSES 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 10: 32.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

They that bear the cross shall wear the crown.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 16: 1-12.
T. Matt. 16: 13-28.
W. Mark 8: 27-38.
Th. Luke 9: 18-27.
F. John 7: 37-53.
Sa. 1 Cor. 3: 1-17.
Su. Matt. 10: 21-42.

PLACE.—Near Cesarea Philippi, a city near the head waters of the Jordan, 25 or 30 miles north-east of the Sea of Galilee, at the foot of Mount Hermon.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 8: 27 to 9: 1 Luke 9: 18-27.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

13. COASTS: parts, region. 14. ELIAS, JEREMIAS: Greek form of Elijah and Jeremiah. 16. THE CHRIST: Greek for Messiah, the Anointed. 17. BAR-JONA: Son of Jonah. 18. THOU ART PETER: a rock. So called more than two years before (John 1: 42). UPON THIS ROCK: Peter, filled with a living faith in the divine Son of God. The other disciples also were included. (See Eph. 2: 20: Rev. 21: 14.) Peter and the apostles preached and bore witness to Christ, and were the means of founding the church after the crucifixion; 3,000 were converted in one day under his preaching. Others think the rock was Peter's confession (v. 16), and still others that the rock was Jesus himself. GATES OF HELL: of Hades, the powers of death and destruction. The church cannot be destroyed. 19. KEYS OF THE KINGDOM: keys were a symbol of delegated authority, as to a steward or housekeeper. They admitted entrance, and opened the store-house. The church could not be founded till after Christ's death. Therefore he gave the apostles, not to Peter only (18: 18, 19), authority to institute the church, and organize it, and decide questions concerning it,—as the admission of Gentiles (Acts 10), the institution of deacons (Acts 6), how far Gentiles must conform to Jewish law (Acts 15). BIND: forbid. LOOSE: permit. 20. TELL NO MAN: the people were not prepared; it would excite rebellion and favor false ideas of the Messiah. The time to make it known was after the crucifixion. 23. SATAN: he saw Satan through Peter, suggesting this temptation. SAVOUREST: mindest, hast regard to. 25. SAVE HIS LIFE: same word as soul in ver. 26; life as embodying happiness, and whatever makes his life worth living. LOSE IT: he that makes the things of this life his chief end, and will do wrong or neglect Jesus to obtain them, will lose character, happiness, eternal life, all that makes life worth having. 27. SON OF MAN COME: his final coming, when his triumph is complete, to judge the world (Matt. 25). 28. NOT TASTE OF DEATH: some would live to see the beginning and early triumphs of his kingdom,—as at Pentecost, the destruction of Jerusalem, and multitudes converted all over the civilized world.

SUBJECT: FROM THE CROSS TO THE CROWN.

QUESTIONS.

I. WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST? (vs. 13-17).—To what place did Jesus come with his disciples? What question did he ask them? What were the various opinions about him? What was Peter's answer? Who had taught him this great truth? Why was he blessed in knowing it? What is your view of Christ? Who will teach us the truth about Jesus? (John 16: 13, 14.) Are we blessed in knowing such a Saviour? Why?

II. THE BUILDING OF HIS CHURCH (vs. 18-20).—When had the name Peter been given to Simon? (John 1: 42.) Meaning of Peter? What was the rock on which Christ would build his church? Were the other disciples included? (Eph. 2: 20; Rev. 21: 14.) In what sense could the church be said to be built upon them? What is meant by the "gates of hell shall not prevail against it"?

What is meant by "the keys of the kingdom"? What by binding and loosing? What did this promise confer upon Peter? Is there any sense in which we may be foundations of the church and have the power of the keys?

III. THE CROSS OF CHRIST THE WAY TO HIS KINGDOM (vs. 21-23).—What did Jesus now begin to reveal to his disciples? Why was it necessary for Jesus to suffer these things? What did Peter do when he heard this truth? How was he rebuked?

IV. TAKING UP THE CROSS OUR WAY TO HIS KINGDOM (vs. 24-26).—What three things must we do to be Christ's followers? What is it to deny one's self? What is the cross to be taken up? What is it to follow Christ? Why are these necessary in order to be a Christian? What is meant by saving and losing his life? What does Jesus teach us by v. 25? What bad bargain do some people make? What do people sometimes give in exchange for their soul? What is it to lose the soul?

V. THE CROWN (vs. 27-28).—What promise did Jesus make? Who should see the beginning of his kingdom? To what does he refer? Acts 2; Matt. 24, 25.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1888.)

1. Jan. 1.—Herod and John the Baptist.—Matt. 14: 1-12.
2. Jan. 8.—The Multitude Fed.—Matt. 14: 13-21.
3. Jan. 15.—Jesus walking on the Sea.—Matt 14: 22-36.
4. Jan. 22.—Jesus and the Afflicted, Matt.—15: 21-31.
5. Jan. 29.—Peter confessing Christ.—Matt. 16: 13-28.
6. Feb. 5.—The Transfiguration.—Matt. 17: 1-13.
7. Feb. 12.—Jesus and the Little Ones.—Matt. 18: 1-14.
8. Feb. 19.—A Lesson on Forgiveness.—Matt. 18: 21-35.
9. Feb. 26.—The Rich Young Ruler.—Matt. 19: 16-26.
10. March 4.—Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.—Matt. 20: 17-29.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

"TOO MANY OF WE."

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked with a sigh;
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tried, you see,
If a few of your childs could die."

She was only three years old—the one,
Who spoke in a strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no times, no place;
For the little one, least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face.
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Claire
In her tiny white trundle bed
Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart from that dreary day,
What a place she has always filled.
—*Public School Journal.*

A GOOD WORD FOR ROMPING GIRLS.

Most women have a dread of them. Mothers would rather their little daughters were called anything else than romps. They say to them, "Be very quiet now, my dears; don't run or jump, and be little ladies." As if a healthy child could be still; as if it could take time to walk, or step over what came in its way; as if it could fold its hands in its lap, when its little heart is so brimful of tickle. It is absurd and wrong, because it is unnatural. Children, girls as well as boys, need exercise; indeed, they must have it, to be kept in a healthy condition. They need it to expand their chest, strengthen their muscles, tone their nerves, develop themselves generally.

And this exercise must be out of doors, too. It is not enough to have calisthenics in the nursery or parlor. They need to be out in the sunshine, out in the wind, out in the grass, out in the woods, out of doors somewhere, if it be no bigger than the common or park. Suppose they do tan their pretty faces. Better be brown as a berry, and have the pulse quick and strong, than white as a lily, and complain of cold feet and a headache. Suppose they do tear their clothes; suppose they do wear out their shoes; it does not try a mother's patience and strength half so much to wash and mend as it does to watch night after night a querulous sick child, and it does not drain a father's pocketbook half as quickly to buy shoes as it does to pay doctors' bills.

Indeed, we don't believe there is a prettier picture in all the wide world than that of a little girl balancing herself on the topmost rail of an old zigzag fence, her bonnet on one arm and a basket of blackberries on the other, her curls streaming out in the wind, or rippling over her flushed cheeks, her apron half torn from her waist, and dangling to her feet, her fingers stained with the berries she had picked and her lips with those she had eaten. Don't scold that little creature when she comes and puts her basket on the table and looks ruefully at the rent in the new gingham apron, and at the little bare toes sticking out of the last pair of shoes. Wash her hot face and soiled hands, and give her a bowl of cold milk and light bread, and when she has eaten her fill and got rested, make her sit down beside you and tell what she has seen off in those meadows and woods.

Her heart will be full of beautiful things—the sound of the wind, the fall of the leaves, the music of the wild birds, and the laugh of wild flowers, the rippling of streams and the color of pebbles, the shade of the clouds and the hue of the sunbeams—all those will have woven their spell over her innocent thoughts, and made her a poet in feeling, if not in expression.

No, mothers, don't nurse up your little girls like house-plants. The daughters of this generation are to be the mothers of the next, and if you would have them healthy in body and gentle in temper, free from nervous affections, fidgets, and blues; if you would fit them for life—its joys, its cares, and its trials—let them have a good romp every day while they are growing. It is Nature's own specific, and, if taken in season, warranted to cure ails of the girl and the woman.—*Selected.*

FATHER AND SON.

BY W. N. BURR.

George Herkimer stood looking for the first time into the face of his first-born.

"A new life in your home, George; one more body to care for, one more mind to educate, and one more soul to be trained towards God," said his mother as she turned her eyes from the infant up to the face of her son, where the strength and tenderness of a pure, manly heart were clearly reflected.

"A young life in the home involves the gravest of responsibilities, I know, mother," George said. "I shall need all possible help, human and divine, to direct this boy aright."

"The influence of your home-life will have much to do with the usefulness of this boy when he takes his place out in the world. Try to regulate the atmosphere of your home so that your child may there breathe in earnestness and uprightness, and you will have succeeded in doing the most that any parent can do for his child."

The next morning, on his way to the store, George stopped for a few moments at the home of his uncle, Hiram Herkimer, to tell him of the new arrival.

"A boy is it? and a big, healthy fellow too, you say," began this good-natured old book-worm in his hearty way. "Well, George, allow me to remind you of the saying of Helvetius, to the effect that a child should be educated from its birth. Now with six youngsters calling me father I think I learned some years ago that it is an easier matter telling people how to bring up children than it is to perform the task successfully. What would ever have become of my wide-awake, unquestionably human six, had it not been for their wise, loving, self-sacrificing mother, I tremble as I try to imagine; but they have all turned out in a way that would make the heart of any Christian parent to sing for joy and gladness, thanks to their good mother and the blessing of our Heavenly Father. From close observation I have this to say to a young father like yourself. Remember, your child's education begins in your home, and almost if not quite as soon as it comes into the home; and what it will be in its mature life is largely determined by the training of its early years. The education of the home has more to do with the matter, in my opinion, than the education of the schools. The spirit of earnestness and uprightness in the home, George—"

"Why, those are the two words mother coupled together and gave to me last night," interrupted the young father.

"And two blessed words they are, George, when the spirit of them gets into a man's home," continued Uncle Hiram warmly. "Every young parent ought to take them up and study them from their root upward, through and through with the prayer in his heart that the atmosphere of Christian earnestness and Christian uprightness may find its way into every room and recess of his home.

STAINED HANDS.

It is the scouring operations and the preparation of certain vegetables which so often stain the hands; a little care will greatly modify this unsightliness; very often in peeling vegetables the blade of the knife is allowed to come in contact with the forefinger; if the knife is held by the handle the vegetable juice upon the blade is less likely to stain the hand; if it is washed off directly the vegetables are pared, and especially if they are held under water while being peeled, the stain will be less. Certain acids act chemically upon the stain made by the contact of vegetables with the steel knife-blade; acetic acid or strong vinegar, a lemon, or a tomato, cut and rubbed on the hands, will remove much of the stain. A piece of pumice-stone should be kept in a soap dish, as well as a small brush; borax, which is very cheap, is as effectual as washing-soda in removing grease from dishes and saucepans, while it keeps the hands in good condition.

There is no reason why this ordinary care should not be given for appearance' sake, especially if the general servant attends the door and table. A dish of oatmeal or cornmeal or fine sand, or a piece of white Castile soap, should be kept ready for use: five cents' worth of any of these things would last a month.

If a little borax is put into the water used for washing dishes, both dishes and hands will be better for it. A cloth or soft brush should be used for washing potatoes, beets, or any root which is to be cooked without peeling. The pods or shells of green peas should be washed before shelling them, and the hands; then the flavor of the peas need not be impaired by subsequent washing before they are cooked. Tomatoes which are to be served raw should either be washed and carefully wiped before they are sliced, or they should be thrown for a moment into scalding hot water, when the skin can easily be stripped off.

When the constant wetting of the hands roughens them, the pain and unsightliness can be overcome by rubbing them every night with mutton tallow. The surplus fat of mutton, melted by gentle heat and cooled in a small cup or mould, has unequalled healing properties. These points are far from trivial; there is no reason why the pains of work should not be overcome as well as its difficulties.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A LITTLE CARE.

"Dear me, Mrs. Rogers, how do you manage? I never hear you scold the children, and they are so good."

"Why should I scold the children?" answered Mrs. Rogers, as she gently laid her baby in its crib.

"I always do. It seems to me, I'm scolding from Monday morning to Sunday night, and the children are quarrelling and getting into mischief all the time. I never have a moment's peace at home. It is a rest to sit here a few minutes, though you have as many children as I have."

"A little care prevents a great deal of trouble. You know the old proverb, 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'"

"Yes, I know it well, but how do you apply it to your children?"

"In the first place I take care to provide entertainment for them."

"I never do. I let them find entertainment for themselves. What can you give them?"

"Various simple things. Scrap-books, paper to cut, patchwork, dolls, blocks, even cancelled stamps. Eddie has quite a collection of stamps, foreign and domestic. He began by pasting a few in an old exercise book. I encouraged him because it is innocent, quiet and instructive amusement. His uncle sent him a regular stamp album and a package of stamps for his tenth birthday, and various friends save their stamps for him. Jennie watches Eddie putting in his stamps, so she is amused also."

"My Johnnie wanted a book for stamps, but I told him it was waste of time collecting stamps."

"Children learn names of countries and cities while studying the names on the stamps. So unconsciously a knowledge of geography is gained. At school Eddie excels in geography. I think his stamps have helped him. Then he has a magazine which affords amusement for us all. My husband and I enjoy it as much as the children. Eddie reads to the younger ones. Even little Maud likes the pictures."

"Such a young child to look at pictures!"

"She is two and a half years old. Eddie and Jennie make scrap-books for her with advertising cards and their old copy-books. They play together and amuse each other. I have given them a room on the top floor for their playthings. Eddie has a corner, Harry, Jennie and Maud have the same. They take pleasure in keeping their treasures in good order. Then I put dangerous and valuable articles out of reach of the younger ones. Eddie and Jennie have passed the age when children like to grab everything they see."

"I have so much trouble with the lamps and ornaments. No matter how much I scold, something is broken every week."

"Try my plan. Use a little foresight and care in putting articles on the mantelpiece or in the closet. Then provide inexpensive and simple amusements. Let Johnnie have a stamp book and stamps. Teach Nellie to sew."

"Teach Nellie to sew! She is too young."

"Not at all. Jennie began two years ago, when she was six. Even before she could speak plainly she demanded 'an nee an a tee,' a needle and a thread. I used to tie a thread to a pin for her. But she really began to make patchwork two years ago. I helped her and showed her how to take the stitches. There's her first work on baby's crib. I lined and quilted it for her. She makes doll's clothes now for herself and Maud. It is easier for me and them when they are happy and contented."

"I must try your plan, for I am weary of this incessant scolding."—*Christian at Work.*

PUZZLES.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.

The omitted words form a Christmas motto.

1. But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed *****.—*Milton.*
2. "Charge, Chester, Charge!
On, Stanley, **!"
Were the last words of Marmion. —*Scott.*
3. Prophet of delight and mirth
Ill requited upon *****. —*Wordsworth.*
4. Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be ****.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
—*Tennyson.*
5. He that complies against his ****
Is of his own opinion still. —*Butler.*
6. But as they fetched a walk, one day,
They met a press-gang crew,
And Sally she did faint away,
While Ben he was brought **. —*Hood.*
7. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said,
"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow ***."
—*Leigh Hunt.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A girl's name. 2. Contemptible. 3. Watched. 4. Opulent. 5. A name. 6. To howl. 7. An enclosure. 8. Sacred. 9. Condensed vapor. 10. Indolent. 11. Frozen vapor. 12. Plural of it. 13. A spice. 14. An enclosed space. 15. To fly aloft. Each word is composed of four letters.

Primals read downward a pleasant greeting. Finals, something we wish you all may have.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

My first is in dear, but not in year;
My second in love and also in fear;
My third is in coming, but not in stop;
My fourth is in harvest, but not in crop;
My fifth is in month, but not in week;
My sixth in bluster, but not in freak;
My seventh in winter, but not in fall;
My eighth in number, but not in all.
My whole brings Christmas with greetings so gay,
The day for the children, the merriest day.

HIDDEN HOLIDAY GREETINGS.

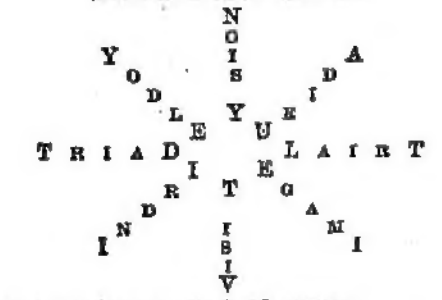
Said May to little waxen face,
"Just see your gown, so new and fine!
A Christmas gift from Auntie Grace;
How sweet you'll be, in silk and lace!
Now, do look happy, dolly mine."

Take a word from each line, and place them together, to form a holiday greeting.

ANSWERS TO CHRISTMAS PUZZLES.

CHARADE.— 1. Mist 2. le 3. toe } MISTLETOE.

RIMLESS WHEEL AND HUB.



Perimeter of the wheel—NATIVITY.
The hub—YULE TIDE.

A CHRISTMAS BOX.—Candy, ball, pony, doll, ring, skates, game, watch, sled, book.

Pi. Hurrah for Father Christmas!
Ring all the merry bells,
And bring the grandsires all around
To hear the tale he tells.
—ROSE TERRY COOKE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, "M A K E W E M Y R T H, F O R C R Y S-
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, T' S B Y R T H, A N D S I N G
34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, W E Y U L E T I L L C A N D L E-
50, 51, 52, M E S."

Key-Words.—Kew, Mystery, Bundles, Shelf, Clang, Dawn, Merry, Charity, Mistletoe.

The Family Circle.

A PSALM FOR THE NEW YEAR.

A Friend stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three score:
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
Even as seed the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in and passes by;
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
This warm shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever, with half sigh, half gasp,
That which from ours falls like *dead fingers* twine:
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed: let the *Old Year go.*

O New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard:
When our feet bleed and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's: who saith
"Make straight paths for your feet!" and to the oppreat—
"Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope
And our hands strength to work while it is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, O bring before our *fading eyes*
The lamp of life, the Hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind;
Love special, close—in which like sheltered dove
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend—
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou leadest onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days nor months nor years.

—*Mrs. Mulock Craik.*

JOCK'S TRUST.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

Jock was a simple, half-witted boy, an "innocent," as the kindly Scotch word expresses those who are not blessed with the full possession of all their mental faculties, who lived with a farmer and his wife in the north of Scotland.

He was a gentle, quiet boy, and though he was slow of comprehension, yet when a thing was once impressed on his dull mind he never forgot it. He was trustworthy, too, and everything that Jock was told to do was sure to be done.

The farmer's wife always felt that the children were safe, even if they strayed out of sight on the hill or moor, as long as Jock was with them; and her husband always said that the sheep were as safe in Jock's care as his own, for nothing ever diverted the boy's attention from his charge.

So poor Jock had a reputation for trustiness that many another boy with full mental powers never obtains.

One Saturday morning in winter the farmer's wife was moving briskly around her little kitchen preparing the Sabbath dinner, which, as the kirk where they worshipped was at some distance from their home, had to be carried with them in a basket.

"Jock!" she called hastily, "take this pitcher and run down to the dairy and bring me some milk. And Jock," she called after him as the boy started on his errand, "if you see your master anywhere around tell him I want to speak to him."

"Well, wife, what is it?" asked the farmer a few minutes later as he entered the kitchen, large flakes of the snow which was just beginning to fall powdering his rough coat.

"I wanted to know if you could spare me Jock this morning to send across the moor to mother's," she answered. "I haven't heard from her this week, and I am afraid she is sick again."

"O mother, let me go too," exclaimed Elspeth, her oldest daughter, who had heard what she said.

"You, child!" said her father in surprise. "Why, it's nigh on six miles away from here, and you could never walk it."

"I walked home once last summer," pleaded the child, "and I wasn't much tired. Do let me go, father. I can spend the Sabbath with grannie if I am too tired to come back with Jock."

"What do you think about it!" asked her mother, turning to the father, who was looking at the cloudy sky with a doubtful air.

"I am half afraid there is a heavy snowstorm coming on," he answered. "Still it is early yet, and if they started now they would get there before the walking became very bad. Let the child go if she wants to; but don't try to come back to-night, Elspeth," he added, "and if the snow is deep tell Jock to stay too."

"Oh, I am so glad I can go," she exclaimed in delight, beginning at once to make preparations for her long walk.

Before long the children were ready to start, Elspeth charged with messages to her grandmother, while Jock understood that his sole duty would be to take care of the little girl.

"Good-bye," called the mother, coming to the door to watch them start. "Remember to give my love to grannie: and, Jock, take good care of Elspeth."

"I will;" answered Jock, and Elspeth ran back for a last kiss.

The two children were soon well on their way, and the busy mother went back to her work, every now and then looking out of the window at the increasing storm with uneasy thoughts about the little travellers.

The snowflakes began to fall faster and faster, but the children trudged bravely on together, rather enjoying the storm than being frightened at it.

Elspeth was a stout, sturdy little maiden, about ten years old, and wrapped up in her warm plaid shawl and thick hood she would not have been afraid to face any storm.

They had gone about two miles without finding the snow any hinderance to them; but gradually the wind changed, and drove the whirling flakes full in their faces, almost blinding them.

They struggled on bravely for a few moments; then Elspeth's courage began to give way.

"Oh Jock!" she exclaimed, turning her back to the storm that she might regain her breath and brush the snow from her face.

"Oh Jock, I can hardly see. How will we ever get to grannie's?"

"I don't know," said Jock, to whom the idea of turning back after he had once been sent on an errand had never occurred.

"Now let's try it again," said Elspeth after a few moments' rest, and hand in hand they tried to face the storm.

By turning around every now and then to rest, they struggled along nearly a mile farther; then Elspeth's courage failed entirely.

"Oh, Jock, aren't we almost there?" she asked in despair, tears filling her blue eyes.

"Don't know," answered Jock, looking around him in bewilderment, for he could no longer see any traces of the road, as the wind had drifted the snow into such deep banks.

"Oh, let's go home," sobbed poor Elspeth; "or had we better keep on till we get to grannie's?"

But progress forward was impossible, for the storm was beating more furiously against them every moment; so they turned their faces homeward, as they thought, and tried to retrace their steps.

"Do you know the path, Jock? Are we in it?" asked Elspeth after they had gone a little distance.

Jock stopped short, and looked around with an air of bewilderment.

"I can't see any road," he answered. "I don't know which way to go."

"Oh, we are lost, we are lost!" cried Elspeth in terror. "We shall be frozen to death here. What shall we do?"

The two children stood still for a few moments, Elspeth trying to think of some plan by which they might find shelter from the storm, and Jock watching her, conscious that they were in trouble but not able to suggest any way out of it.

"What is that dark spot against the snow over yonder, Jock?" she asked, directing Jock's attention to something that looked as if it might be a low hut.

"I don't know. It looks like a house," said Jock, straining his eyes to distinguish the object through the storm.

"We will go over there then," said Elspeth: "we shall freeze if we stand here any longer," and she shivered as she spoke, for the cold wind penetrated through all her wrappings, and her little feet were almost numb.

As quickly as they could the children ran in the direction of the hut.

When they reached it, almost out of breath with their exertions, their disappointment was very great. It was a little hut that had been used by herdsmen during the summer, and had neither door nor windows.

The snow had blown in and lay in drifts on the floor, and there was no way of shutting it out. Even this hut, however, afforded a welcome shelter to the children from the storm which raged so furiously.

Elspeth stamped her aching feet vigorously and rubbed her cold hands together, Jock following her example. As the little girl looked through the open window at the moor, which in summer was covered with purple heather, but now was a trackless plain of snow, her heart sank within her at the prospect before them. Unless the storm soon stopped they must perish here alone. She did not know where they were; she had never seen this hut before, so she knew they had wandered some distance from the road.

Their footsteps had already been covered with the fast-falling snowflakes, so even if her father should start out in search of them he would not be able to find them. There was no indication that the storm would abate. The wind still piled the snow into deep drifts, and it whistled and moaned around the little hut as if it would like to blow it over for being in its way.

As Elspeth realized the hopelessness of their situation she gave a cry of despair, and throwing herself on the ground sobbed as if her heart was breaking.

"Don't cry, poor Elspeth," said Jock, kneeling down beside her and trying to take her hands from her face. "Don't cry. Are you so cold?"

"O Jock, we shall die here," she cried, trying to make him understand the danger they were in. "We shall never go home again. O mother, mother!" and at the thought of the mother that she would probably never see again, her tears began to flow.

"I will take care of you, poor Elspeth," said Jock. "Don't you remember your mother said, 'Take care of her, Jock,' and Jock will."

"O Jock, you can't save us; nobody can save us except God," sobbed Elspeth. "We must ask him to take care of us."

And drawing Jock down to kneel beside her, she prayed in a trembling voice, broken every now and then with sobs, that they might be delivered from this danger.

It was a simple and childish, but very fervent prayer, and with all the trusting faith of childhood Elsie felt very sure that some one would soon come and take them home.

"Father will soon be here now," she said cheerfully to Jock, as they redoubled their efforts to keep warm. An hour passed away, very slowly it seemed to them, for they were beginning to feel very hungry as well as cold.

"Let's ask God to send some one soon," said Elspeth, and hand in hand the two children knelt again while Elspeth prayed:

"O God, please send some one to us very soon, for we are so cold and hungry. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then she looked through the window with strained eyes, trying to catch a glimpse of the help she had prayed for.

The twilight of the short winter afternoon was already beginning to draw down, and it grew dark rapidly.

"Why don't some one come?" asked Jock.

"Some one is coming to help us," answered Elspeth; "but, of course, it will be pretty hard to find us, we are so far from the road. O Jock, I am so hungry, and I think my feet are frozen."

She sank down on the cold ground, too exhausted and discouraged to make any further efforts to keep in motion.

Jock rubbed her numb hands between his own, trying to warm them, his teeth chattering with cold.

"Go to sleep, Elspeth," he said; "I will call you when someone comes."

"If I go to sleep I will die," answered Elspeth drowsily. "Father told me so once," but she was so weary that, in spite of her efforts to keep awake, the blue eyes soon closed.

"Poor Elspeth!" said Jock tenderly. Then, as he saw a shiver run through her chilled frame, he took off his heavy plaid, and without awakening her carefully rolled it around her, putting part of it under her to keep her from the frozen ground.

"Jock must take care of poor Elspeth: he promised he would," he muttered to himself, as he beat his arms upon his breast, trying to keep warm. His coat was but little protection from the keen air, and he suffered more severely with the cold every moment.

He lay down beside Elspeth, and listened to her regular breathing for a few minutes.

"I am so cold," she murmured in her sleep.

"Poor Elspeth!" said Jock pityingly, forgetting the stinging pain in his own hands and feet. "Jock must take care of Elspeth," and he drew off his rough coat and scarf and wrapped them tenderly about her.

"Jock is dying," he moaned, as the frosty air seemed to penetrate him. "But Jock took care of Elspeth," and a faint smile dawned on his face.

Gradually the pain left him, and a delicious sense of warmth crept over him. He yielded to the drowsiness which came upon him and fell asleep, with one arm thrown protectingly over his charge.

Elspeth and Jock had been gone about two hours, when a covered waggon drove up to the door containing Elspeth's grandfather and grandmother.

"Did you meet Elspeth?" was the first exclamation, and when they answered "No," the alarm of the father and mother can be imagined.

The father, with two neighbors, set out immediately in search of the children, but reached the grandmother's house without seeing any traces of them. As they retraced their steps one of the neighbors suggested that perhaps they had seen this little hut and taken refuge there, and the heart-broken father was only too glad to grasp at this faint hope. As they rode along, their stout little horses plunging bravely through the drifts that lay in their path, one of the men uttered an exclamation of surprise, and pointed to a spot of blue glimmering on the snow in a little hollow between two drifts. It was a ribbon; almost buried in the snow, only one end of it showing on the white surface.

"It's Elspeth's!" exclaimed her father with a heartfelt expression of gratitude, as he recognized it as the one that had tied back her brown curls that morning.

"We are on their track then," and they pressed forward with renewed energy. It had grown too dark to distinguish objects at any distance, so they passed the hut once without knowing it. They wandered around for some time before they found it.

"Here we are at last;" exclaimed one of the men, and, springing from his horse, he entered the hut, swinging his lantern before him. The anxious father was soon at his side, and the bright light flashed on the two children lying there side by side.

"Elspeth!" he exclaimed, clasping her in his arms.

"I knew you were coming," she murmured sleepily, resting her head on his shoulder. "I asked God to send you."

"Thank God, you are safe, and Jock."

But he uttered an exclamation of dismay as he noticed for the first time that the boy had given all his wrappings to Elspeth.

"Jock, wake up, my brave boy!" he cried, trying to arouse him. But his efforts were in vain.

Wrapping the unconscious form in a warm plaid, they hastened homeward with the children. Elspeth, after a hot supper and good night's rest, was but little the worse for her terrible adventure, but faithful Jock had kept his trust at the sacrifice of his own life.

This was many years ago, and Elspeth is a grown woman now, with a little Elspeth of her own. When the children gather around her in the evening the story they love best to hear is of the way Jock kept his trust, and they try to imitate his faithfulness to duty, with "Jock's trust" for their watchword.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER.

In the whole world there is probably no more beautiful ice scenery than that surrounding the falls of Niagara during a severe winter.

Many of you have been to Niagara in summer, and know what a mass of boiling, seething foam the river is just below the falls. Now it is all quiet, covered many feet thick with great cakes of ice that have plunged over the cataract, and become frozen into one vast solid mass which forms the famous ice bridge of which so much is written. As these great blocks of ice are of every conceivable shape, and are piled one on top of another in every imaginable position, this ice bridge is by no means an easy one to cross.

One of the most remarkable features of this Niagara winter scenery is the great ice mountain that rises grand and white in front of each fall for two-thirds of its height. These ice mountains are formed by the spray from the falls, which freezes the instant it touches a solid body; and thus, as long as the cold weather lasts, the ice mountains are constantly growing higher and thicker.

The boys living in the village of Niagara, or who visit the falls in winter, climb these ice mountains by means of foot-holes chopped in the ice with hatchets, and upon reaching the top, sit down and slide to the bottom.

The spray of which the ice mountains is formed, and with which the air near the falls is filled, freezes so quickly whenever it touches anything, that while our artist was making his sketches it covered his pencil with a thick coating of ice until it looked like this (Fig. 1), and after he had held his sketch-book closed in his hand for a minute, it presented this appearance (Fig. 2).

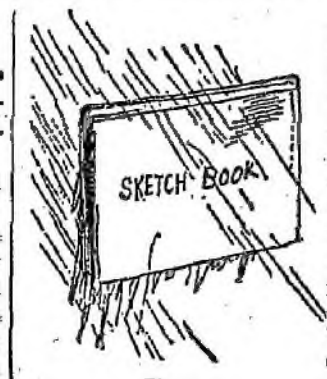


Fig. 2.

He himself was so encased in white ice that he looked like a Santa Claus. Icicles hung from his beard, his moustache, his eyelashes, and from every point of his clothing, until he found he could only stand within reach of the spray for a few minutes at a time, or he would be weighed down and rooted to the spot by the rapidly accumulating ice.

The ice formed from the spray is not clear and glittering, but is of the purest white, like the frosting on wedding cake, only much whiter, and as it covers the branches and twigs of the trees in Prospect Park, and on the islands near the falls the effect is wonderfully beautiful. Glistening in the bright sunlight, these forests of ice are more like beautiful dreams of fairy-land than anything ever seen; and under the light of a full moon the scene is weird and ghostly, but beautiful beyond description.

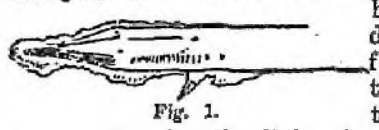


Fig. 1.

On Luna Island, which divides the American Fall, every stone, stump, and bush has been covered with ice until it forms a grotesque figure in white. Some of these figures our artist has transferred to his paper, and named "Ice goblins." The branches of the trees, beneath which visitors must walk are so laden with these "goblins" that they frequently break beneath the weight, and great pieces of ice rattle down about one's ears in the most unpleasant manner.—*Harper's Young People.*

ICE GOBLINS AND WINTER SCENERY AT NIAGARA.—Drawn by W. H. Gibson.

"HEROISM can be in any life that is a work life, any life which includes energy and self-denial."

"I AM GOING TO MAKE A CONFESSION."

"A speech, a speech from Wilton," cried the thoughtless fellows.

"*He can't make a speech on cold water.* I defy him," said one of their number.

"My friends," began Wilton.

"Hear him! he's really in for it now," cried a young man whose flushed cheeks gave pitiful signs of his devotion to the bottle.

The comrade they called Wilton was a young man some twenty-three years of age. Upon his face, within his eyes, a settled melancholy rested; his manners were as grave as those of an old man. He was often called "Wilton the steady:" on account of his quiet adherence to principle.

The head partner of the firm in whose employ Wilton was, gave a great party once a year, and it was to this gathering that Wilton had been persuaded to come. In vain his companions tempted him with the wine that flowed freely. The "firm" considered themselves good Christians, as indeed, did the world generally, yet in placing this fiery temptation before young men, they committed a gross and most fatal error. Looking about him Wilton saw already many faces flushed almost to inebriation.

"My friends," he said, and then paused, as if to give greater emphasis to what might follow, "I am going to make a confession."

"Five years ago I had a brother, a bright, beautiful lad, in whom the hopes of a large circle centred. One night several boys in the village where I was born resolved to have a frolic. The party was to be a secret one, and we were each to carry from our homes, if we could, provisions and wine. My brother had never tasted wine, and we all thought if we could get Herbert drunk it would be fine fun. I was foremost in the attempt. I knew that he had a manuscript poem at home that had been pronounced remarkable by competent critics; I knew he could improvise almost without mental effort, and expected that under the stimulus of the fiery serpent—whose sting I dread more than I dread death—his brain would be quickened and we should be charmed, perhaps amazed, at the exhibition of his rare gift.

"At last we prevailed, but instead of quickening, the wine stupefied his faculties. A few glasses reduced him to a state of utter inebriety.

"The party broke up. We were all wild with drink and excitement; he alone was immovable, and quite insensible. There was no rousing him from the state of deathly sleep into which he had fallen. I dared not take him home that night, fearing that our frolic might be found out, in consequence of the trouble we should have in getting him to his room. So we left him there, lying as comfortable as we could place him—his handsome face flushed and almost purple, his active brain for once completely stupefied.

"In the morning I was awakened by the sound of sobs. A white, scared face stood over me; a trembling, weak voice cried out, 'O Philip, your brother.'

"I sprang from my bed. My friends, I knew the truth soon enough. Herbert had recovered consciousness in the night sufficient to mislead him. He had fallen from the window, a height of twenty feet. He was still living. In vain my prayers, and tears, and anguish." His voice faltered.

"Young men, he is living yet, but an incurable idiot. Now, will you ask me to take the accursed stuff? Yes, the curse of the living God rests upon it. It has burdened my life. It has ruined as noble an intellect as ever was ready to do battle with the faults and follies of the world. Do you still jeer and laugh because I will not be jovial? I will tell you, if it were a living thing, I would strangle it, and there is nothing upon earth I hate with such a deadly hatred."

There was a deep silence. Not one in all the company seemed inclined to drink again.

THE YOUNG LADIES' NEW YEAR'S TOILET.

The Enchanting Mirror—Self-knowledge.

This curious glass will bring your faults to light,
And make your virtues shine both strong and bright.

Wash to Smooth Wrinkles—Contentment.

A daily portion of this essence use;
'Twill smooth the brow, and tranquilness infuse.

Fine Lip Salve—Truth.

Use daily for your lips this precious dye—
They'll redden and breathe sweeter melody.

Mixture Giving Sweetness to the Voice—Prayer.

At morning, noon and night, this mixture take:
Your tones, improved, will richer music make.

Best Eye Water—Compassion.

These drops will add great lustre to the eye;
When more you need, the poor will you supply.

Solution to Prevent Eruptions—Wisdom.

It calms the temper, beautifies the face,
And gives to woman dignity and grace.

Matchless Pair of Earrings.—Attention and Obedience.

With these clear drops appended to the ear,
Attentive lessons you will gladly hear.

Indispensable Pair of Bracelets.—Neatness and Industry.

Clasp them on carefully, each day you live;
To good designs they efficacy give.

An Elastic Girdle—Patience.

The more you use, the brighter will it glow,
Though its least merit is external show.

The Ring of Tried Gold—Principle.

Yield not this golden bracelet while you live;
'Twill one restrain, and peace of conscience give.

Necklace of Purest Pearl—Resignation.

This ornament embellishes the fair,
And teaches all the ills of life to bear.

Diamond Breast-pin—Love.

Adorn your bosom with this precious pin;
It shines without, and warms the heart within.

A Graceful Bandeau—Politeness.

The forehead neatly circled with this band
Will admiration and respect command.

Universal Beautifier—Good Temper.

With this choice liquid gently touch the mouth;
It spreads o'er all the face the charms of youth.

A precious Diadem—Piety.

Whoe'er this precious diadem shall own
Secures herself an everlasting crown.

—*Selected.*

A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"Mabel, I want a motto; can you give me one?"

"What for?"

"I'm painting a set of china for Harry—cup, saucer, and plate—and I want something suggestive to put on it—a sort of key to the New Year, you know; something that will remind him of his home and its associations in the midst of his loneliness and the temptations of the great city."

"Is Harry a Christian?"

"Yes, he's a church member; but his religion doesn't seem to have taken much hold of him, and I fear when he is removed from home influence and exposed to the seductions of the city, it will vanish altogether."

"How would, 'Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,' do?"

"That is rather long to paint upon china."

"Then divide it. Put one clause on each."

"So I can. Thanks, Mabel, for your suggestion!"

New Year's morning Harry's landlady set before him the three dainty pieces of china which his sister's loving and skilled hand had covered with artistic devices. Across each ran a pretty arrangement of scroll-work bearing the different clauses of the motto. By placing the set in line, he could read the text as a whole, which whole, as he ate his breakfast, afforded ample food for thought.

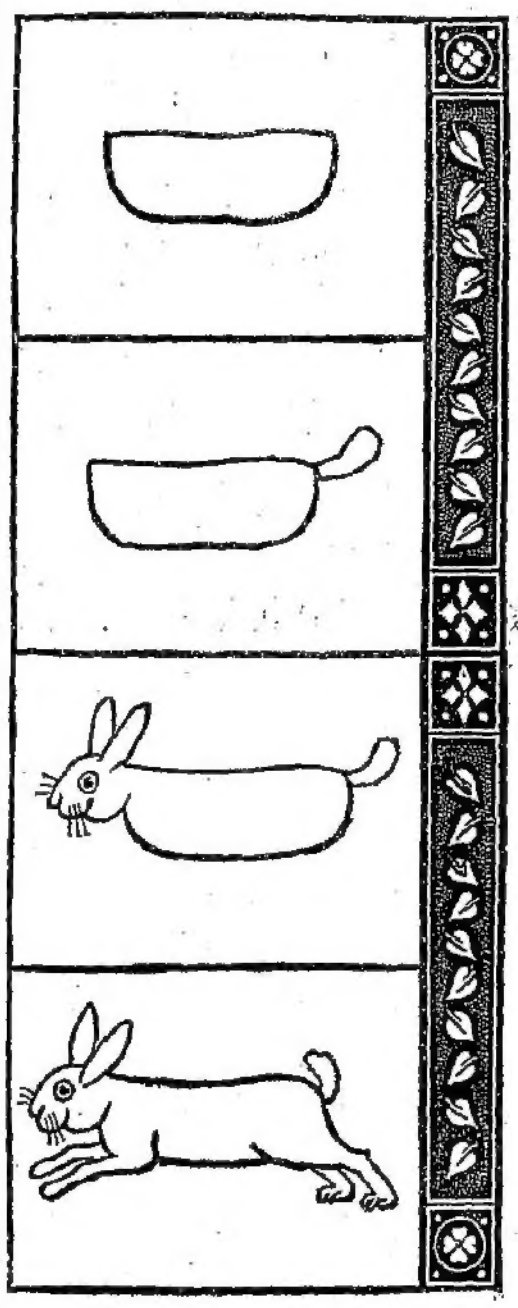
Harry had now been three months amid his new surroundings. How had he spent his time? "Eating," and "drinking," and "doing;" but was it all "to the glory of God?" Such questions generally answer themselves in the negative, and the negative is usually so painful that relief is sought in the formation of resolutions to do better; so Harry went out to his first work of the New Year, treading soberly but securely along that pavement which tradition says leads to a very miserable place, but which, in dependence upon Divine strength, may lead to a much better one. As he turned the corner from mere force of habit he drew from his pocket the Havana which always found its place there, and the equally omnipresent box of matches, and began to smoke, with a sense of manliness known to young smokers. The white puffs looked to him very pretty as they curled up in the frosty morning air, but all at once they formed themselves into letters, and there, written in white upon the blue sky, he saw: "To the glory of God." Was that his purpose in smoking? Was that the end accomplished by the smoke? Could he ever say that the indulgence was a harmless one, upon which the smile of Him who hath given us all things richly to enjoy, rested? No; for, first, he knew very well that this constant narcotizing with the deadly nicotine was laying the foundations of future injury to his nervous system; and, second, the ten cents which that cigar cost, multiplied by the ten times ten which had already gone the same way, with the compound multiplication that would go on in the future if he continued the habit, would go a great way towards supporting the kingdom of Christ at home and sending its glad tidings abroad "to the glory of God." The smoking of this cigar, small as it was, was part of the "whatsoever;" and, by the grace of God, sought, obtained and persevered in, that was the last cigar which ever entered the young man's lips.

Harry's boarding-house meals were not, as a rule, very tempting; and, used to the good cookery and general petting of home, he had been wont to make up for the deficiency by luxurious little lunches at a fashionable restaurant. Of course he paid for all he bought, and the money was his own which he worked for; but one day, as he sat taking his dainty little meal from the restaurant's decorated china, he seemed to see upon it in shadowy letters: "Whether, therefore, ye eat . . . do all to the glory of God." Harry's conscience had not yet been blunted by disobedience, and it told him very plainly that dollar-and-a-half lunches, composed of indigestible dainties, were not the best in which a young Christian with a small salary could "glorify God in the body," as well as "the spirit, which are his." He was acquainted with many a man and woman, who, martyrs to dyspepsia and its attendant evils, were rendered useless to society and wretched in themselves. Henceforth the young man satisfied his young country appetite with healthful cereals, milk, sweet brown-bread and butter, which never cost him more than twenty-five cents, in the plain but cleanly "Dairy" where they were served; and the savings which thus found their way into his own bank account and the Lord's treasury, to say nothing of his improved health and spirits, were greatly "to the glory of God."

But a still more severe trial awaited Harry in the application of his motto to the social life into which he was received with open arms. Pledge-signing had not been the fashion in his country home. Cider and home-made wines had always found their place upon his father's table and in his mother's cookery, especially at seasons of festivity. Hence there was no shock to his sensibility in the substitution of rich wines and champagne at the parties to which he was constantly invited. But he found that he always woke the morning after these parties with a headache, and quite unfitted for the duties of the day. He found, moreover, that a taste for these things was growing upon him, and that more than once he was glad to accept the offer of a friend to "treat" at the bar of a saloon into which a Christian man should not be seen to enter. It was while enjoying one of these headaches, which his morning cup of coffee failed to drive away, that his dull eyes caught the words upon the cup he lifted to his lips: "Whether ye . . . drink;" and a total abstinence pledge was taken then and there, the keeping of which was greatly "to the glory of God;" the more so that the Christian Association which the young man had joined afforded him many opportunities of helping others who were fast becoming slaves of fatal habits of intoxication. When he had once realized the needs of this large class and the wonderful power over them of personal example, he felt that no social conventionalities, no seductive invitations from fair and jewelled belles, no good fellowship of companions, could make it "to the glory to God" for a young to man drink, even in moderation.

We have no space to tell how Harry's New Year's motto gradually came to be the ruling principle of his life; how his clothes ceased to be of the finest and most expensive broadcloth, his neckties less stunning and varied, his whole attire more modest and unassuming; how his amusements became recreational rather than sensational and exhausting; and how more and more time was taken from personal gratification to be spent in good deeds and the service of the Lord. Harry learned to guard his conversation from flippant levity as well as impurity; to observe the strictest integrity in all his business dealings; to combine the largest liberality with the most winning courtesy; in short, to become all that a Christian young man should become in consequence under God, as he told his sister in later years, of his daily study and persistent application of her New Year's motto.—*Zion's Herald.*

HOW TO DRAW A HARE.



You look at this,
And it will seem
To be a dish
For milk or cream.

A handle now
Add, if you wish
To change into
A pan, the dish.

Place head and ears
Upon the pan,
Guess what it is—
Do, *if* you can.

To this, of legs
Now add two pair,
And it becomes
A running hare!

A GOOD BREAKFAST.

A large proportion of intemperance, says a physician, may be laid to the light breakfasts eaten by most people. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day, and sufficient importance is not attached to it in the majority of households. After the long fast enforced between supper or late dinner and seven or eight in the morning, a person in good health should feel hungry; and it is at this hour of the day that the heartiest meal may be eaten with the least probability of bad results. The man who starts out in the morning after having eaten a hearty breakfast will seldom, unless suffering from chronic indigestion, experience any of the discomforts which may follow a similar meal at any other time of the day. The very opposite results will follow the other course in this matter, and the man who has not had a good breakfast will not enjoy a good dinner, and in a great many cases of habitual drunkenness, the evil practice of tippling was begun to satisfy a gnawing, faint sensation in the stomach in the morning, which was nothing more nor less than disguised hunger.—*Alliance News.*

PHILIP MY KING.

BY MRS. MULOCK CRAIK.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip my king,
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities:
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
Philip my king:

O the day when thou goest a wooing,
Philip my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And some gentle heart's bars undoing
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth,—up to thy brow,
Philip my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant and make men bow
As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers:
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer
Let me behold thee in future years;
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip my king.

A wreath not of gold but palm. One day,
Philip my king,
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch: till angels shout
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip the king!"

KNOTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

What sort of a knot do you want, my boy? I'll
show you one, if you're so inclined.
Do you want a knot that will slip along? Or one
that will safe and surely bind?
Each has its use, you know, my boy, and so each
when it's wanted is good and strong,
Only with knots as with other things, it's a dread-
ful mess when we make the wrong!

It's which rope goes over or under, boy, and
which goes over or under next?
The very questions, I often think, with which
much of life is so sore perplexed:
For a turn or twist that is just amiss, and all
that follows is wrong and wry,
Yet I think that Providence guides the hand of
those who are ready to trust and try!

And it's always the knots that skill goes to tie,
that skill and patience can best undo.
It's the careless tangles which waste our time,
and have at last to be clean cut through.
So it's rarely sorrow, or change, or pain that
proves too much for a heart to bear,
But rather the worry and wear these make who
do as they like and do not care!

Here is the way to make this knot, lad, and it
isn't right any other way,—
There are knowledge and skill in everything—
even the boiling of eggs, they say,
Though the eggs must be sound themselves, I
guess, or never boiling will make them right.
And a rotten rope isn't much to trust, though the
knots upon it be e'er so tight!

There's many a clever chap, my boy, who will
trust to his ready tongue and brain,
To help him steer through the storms of life, or
dive down to the depths of golden gain;
But if within him, his heart is warped with folly
or evil of any sort,
Despite his wits, there's a wreck one night and a
ship that never comes into port!

Ay, laddie, the value of knots is all in what they
are made to draw or tie;
And there isn't a man but has bonds in life that
hold him down or that lift him high.
And best of all, is a faithful love that's fastened
firm round a wholesome heart,
And then anchored fast to the throne of God
where no storm can come, and no winds
can part. —*Sunday at Home.*

CONTENT IS A CROWN.

A contributor to *Good Cheer* tells a true story of a lady whose life was changed by the finding of a ring. Up to the time of finding it, she had been moody and unhappy, brooding over her poverty, and fast becoming stern and cold.

Filled with gloomy thoughts she wandered one afternoon down to the end of a long garden, where, leaning upon the fence which divided it from the swampy field beyond, she moodily watched the setting sun till it sank away from sight. Then, listlessly turning to go home, she glanced at the carefully-tended beds which formed the recreation of her husband's busy life and care, half mechanically stepped aside to uproot an intrusive weed, which, growing in a corner, had escaped notice.

The roots had taken a deep hold, and a strong pull was required to loosen them. At last the weed came up in her hands, and she threw it over the fence, which was built upon an embankment, into a ditch below. As she threw it, it seemed to her that glitter as of gold caught her eye. She looked down into the ditch; but there was nothing bright about the weed, not even a yellow blossom.

Again she turned to go in, but she could not rid herself of the impression that she had seen a gleam of brightness as she threw away the weed. And so, after she had prepared the tea-table for her husband, she went out again while the long summer twilight lingered, and climbing over the garden fence, picked the object of her thought from the ditch, for a closer inspection. There sh found a heavy plain gold ring securely fastened to the long fibrous roots, and read in old-fashioned but plainly cut letters upon the inside of the ring the device, "Content is a Crown."

The ring with its most appropriate motto, coming thus strangely, and at a time when its advice was so needed, seemed to the finder like a message of reproof from heaven, and startled her into a perception of the almost morbid state of discontent into which she was falling. She took the lesson to her heart; and ever wearing the ring upon her finger, as a reminder of the fault she wished to cure, she became one of the sweetest, sunniest women in the world.

She took off the ring when she told me the story, and let me read for myself the quaint lettering within it.

"But how," said I, "did the ring get into the ground for the roots to grow through? It was like a miracle."

"So it seemed to me for years," said my friend; "for I spoke to no one of my message, nor told where my ring came from, till I could feel my fault was enough a thing of the past, to be spoken of. Then I told the incident to my husband, and he explained the strangeness of it in this way: "The house and garden were upon ground that had been a battle-field in the Revolutionary War, and this ring had probably been upon the finger of some English officer slain upon the field. In the many years that had passed, the hand that wore the ring had crumbled into dust, leaving it free for the roots to grasp, and bring its message where it was so needed."

I could not easily believe that my friend had ev r required it, but o she said. And, looking at the ring again, I wished I could hear the whole story, and know why and for whose sake the motto had been engraved; but there are none living who can tell that history now.

DO THE NEXT THING.

The following incident was related by the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., in the Tomkins avenue church, New York, a short time ago, in the course of a sermon:

"I know how hard it is sometimes to speak to men and women next you concerning Jesus Christ, and to undertake that Christian service.

"I am almost certain it was one Friday night when I came from Philadelphia to lead your prayer-meeting, that I related an incident that marked an era in my own life, but as it illustrates just this way of service I would have you follow, allow me to repeat it before this larger company.

"It happened when I was pastor of the Strong Place church. and there was a very deep interest manifested. I had been preaching for a long time, and a gentleman attended the meetings, who, before that night had never been to any of the week night services. He was there night after night, and I failed to speak to him, not because I was afraid of him, but because I feared that by some uncultivated word I might push him afar off rather than lead him closer to the Lord. I had preached till a late hour and had seen many inquirers, and had gotten home, arranging myself for a little reading that I might distract my mind in order to gain a little sleep. I sat before the great library fire with my study gown and slippers on, and well remember the book I was reading: it was Lockhart's 'Life of Sir Walter Scott.' As I read, an impression came over me to 'go and see that man.' I said to myself, 'It is altogether too late to go and see him, he is abed by this time'—it was nearly twelve o'clock. Then again the impression came to me, 'go and see that man.' I said, 'I am tired and I want to rest; I can't.' Then again the impression came to me, 'go and see that man,' and again I said, 'I can't, my coat is off, my study gown is on, and it is pleasant here by the side of the fire, and because of that I can't.' Again the impression came to me, 'go and see that man.' Again I said, 'It is too late, it is nearly twelve o'clock, he is in bed and asleep.' Still the impression returned, 'go and see that man,' and I arose, put on my boots, put on my coat and overcoat, for it was a winter's night and cold outside. I remember after crunching along upon the snow on the sidewalk, reaching his house, climbing his steps and standing upon the front platform about to pull the bell, the thought came to me, 'what a precious fool you are, but I rang the bell. There was a stir on the other side of the door; it opened, and he stood before me. He put out his hand, and grasping mine, said: 'Pastor, come in, everybody is in bed asleep, and you are just the man I want to see: come in.' I went in and we talked of Jesus there in the parlor together. I prayed while both of us knelt, and he gave himself to Christ, and stood true to the faith ever after. When I heard of his death, last summer, I said to myself then, as I have a thousand times since, O! I am so glad I went."—*Methodist Christian Advocate.*

The Following is taken from the last article ever written by the late Henry Ward Beecher, a short time previous to his death:—"I rejoice to say that I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco. It is unhealthy, it is filthy from beginning o end. I believe that the day will come, when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind. I believe that the day will come, when not to drink, not to use tobacco, not to waste one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law, to be sound, robust, cheerful, and to be conscious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience to the commandments of God, will be a matter of ambition and endeavor among men."

"The Most enthusiastic business men's meeting I ever attended," remarked a gentleman in a business men's daily prayer-meeting in Cleveland, "was the Stock Exchange in Chicago." We quite believe it. If Christian business men should ever get together for an hour a day and discuss the work of the Lord with the same enthusiasm as they do stocks and grain, not a city in the land but would be brought over to the Lord's side. Nobody thinks of denouncing the meetings of the business exchanges of the country as hot-beds of excitement, or the participants as being fanatics and crazy men; yet a very moderate amount of enthusiasm manifested in the cause of Christ is denounced as fanaticism, and people are warned against the undue excitement. On the day of Pentecost there was such an enthusiastic meeting of God's people that the disciples were charged with being drunk with new wine. Would God that all the Lord's people were so filled with the Spirit. —*Dr. Pentecost in Words and Weapons.*

FATHER TIME.

"What are you doing, Father Time,
What are you doing, pray?"
"Oh I am building, don't you see—
Building every day."

"What are you building, Father Time,
Why do you do it, say?"
"I'm building up a wall of years
That never will decay."

"When was it begun, Father Time,
When was the wall begun?"
"When first this world was made, my dear,
And still it is not done."

"Must you do it all, Father Time,
All this wonderful wall?"
"Yes, child, no other hand than mine
May lay one stone of all."

"When will you finish, Father Time,
When will you finish, pray?"
"When the world has an end, my dear,
The capstone I will lay."

"And what is the name, Oh, Father Time,
What do you call your wall?"
"The years and deeds of men, my dear,
I count and keep them all."

Question Corner.—No. 24.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Whose daughters helped their father to build the wall of a ruined city?
2. What child was born on a day of a great national calamity?
3. What was the age of Moses when he visited his brethren?
4. Whose daughter was given in marriage as a reward for capturing a city, and also land with springs on it? What was her name?
5. What woman by her faith saved her life?
6. What woman led armies to battle?

A MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Art thou he that troubleth Israel?
Whose damsel is this?
Who art thou, my son?
What have I done, is there not a cause?
Why is thy heart grieved?
Who are these?
Where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Will they not stone us?
What meaneth the noise of this tumult?

Who asked these questions nine?
Seek for them, line by line,
Within the Book Divine.
The speaker's name set down,
All have a wide renown,
Two wore a royal crown.
Initial letters take,
They will be found to make
Three words that Jesus spake.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

1. Micah 5 : 2.
2. Jeremiah 31 : 15.
3. Hosea 11 : 1.
4. Gen. 12 : 3.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from W. Ernest Burns.

A WORD TO OUR WORKERS.

"TWICE ONE IS TWO,

and twice 45,000 subscribers to the *Northern Messenger* is 90,000" we remarked in the Christmas number, and although only a few days have passed since then there are strong indications that the similarity between the two has struck not a few of our subscribers who seem to be determined that not a very great length of time shall elapse before the *Northern Messenger* shall carry its fortnightly greetings into twice as many families as it does now.

The paper specially commends itself to Sunday-school workers, containing as it does two complete sets of lesson notes, one for pupils and one for teachers, with the music of good hymns from time to time, besides being always supplied with practical hints and suggestions for general Sunday-school work.

And now we would again commend

OUR PRIZE LIST

to the careful attention of all our readers as one of the best for the cost of the paper ever offered. Read and see how very easily one of these most useful articles offered can be secured.

Begin canvassing at once and send a postal card to our office for what sample copies and blank forms you require.

When working for prizes mark all letters "In competition" and address to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Witness Office,
Montreal.

A MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Why do we greet thee, O blithe New Year?
What are thy pledges of mirth and cheer?
* * * * * * * * *
What beyond is the guerdon bright
To us who stand in thy dawning light?

So asks the poet, and so, pausing between the old and the new, ask men and women and children the wide world over. The answer is suggestive :—

"I bring you, friends, what the years have brought
Since ever men toiled, aspired or thought,
Days for labor, and nights for rest:
And I bring you love, a heaven-born guest;
Space to work in, and work to do,
And faith in that which is pure and true.
Hold me in honor and greet me dear,
And sooth you'll find me a happy Year."

Does not this suggest a good motto for 1888? A little unusual perhaps, but so much the better. We shall not be behind in the race for something new. Will not the readers of the *Northern Messenger* strike out now on a new path and instead of asking "What has the New Year brought to me?" turn to themselves and ask, "What *can* I *bring* to the New Year? What work can I accomplish for the Master in the bright days to come?" How much love can I bring to desolate hearts? How can I best show to those who know him not that I am a follower of my Master?" "In to-day already walks to-morrow." Look back then on 1887 and see how much of your life in the year to come has been affected by your conduct then. How much *that might* have been done then has still to be accomplished. And then look forward and say, "By God's help it shall not be so this year. We accept *your gifts* New Year. We accept your bright days, and will strive to fill them with the work you have brought us to do. We take the faith in the pure and true and will try to impart it to others. We will strive to show to others the love that has so blessed us, and so help to make it to many others what it bids fair to be to us A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

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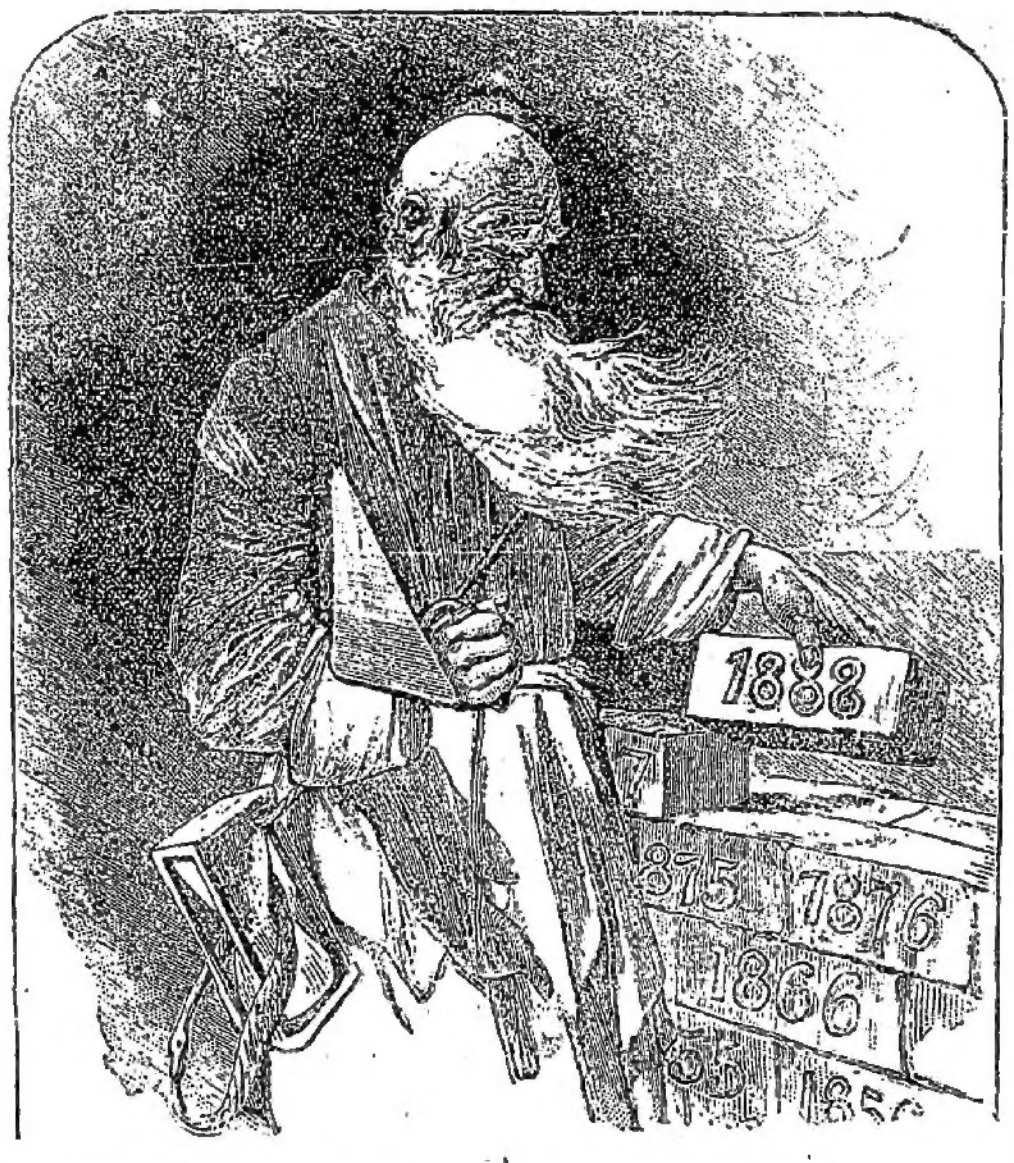
Publishers, Montreal.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

This issue of the MESSENGER is *printed from* new type and on much better paper, which will be *continued hereafter*. We hope the subscribers will appreciate our efforts in endeavoring to give them the best value possible.



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with arrowroot, cracker pap, and similar indigestible food is, we are glad to say, nearly a thing of the past. Lactated Food should be the only substitute used for mother's milk. It is identical in effect, and gives health and strength to every infant that uses it.

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Read the following list of prizes offered for the *Northern Messenger* and see how anyone with very little effort can become the owner of a nice prize.

READ CAREFULLY.

To any subscriber sending us ONE NEW NAME along with their own subscription, at 30 cents each, we will send a copy of "MARCUS WARD'S ROYAL ILLUMINATED NURSERY RHYMES" with music.

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6. AS TIME GLIDES ON.
7. A SILVER-PLATED SUGAR SHELL.
8. A SILVER-PLATED BUTTER KNIFE.

FOR TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, or FIFTEEN RENEWALS at 30c each our workers will have their choice of the following :—

1. A KNIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—By the Rev. E. P. Roe.
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6. MRS. SOLOMON SMITH LOOKING ON.—By "Pansy."
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4. THE REVISED BIBLE.—A neat, stiff, cloth covered edition with red edge.

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